

THE
Second Part
OF
Mr. Waller's
POEMS.

Containing,
His Alteration of the
MAIDS TRAGEDY,
And whatever of his is yet unprinted :
Together with some other Poems,
Speeches, &c. that were Printed
severally, and never put into the
First Collection of his Poems.

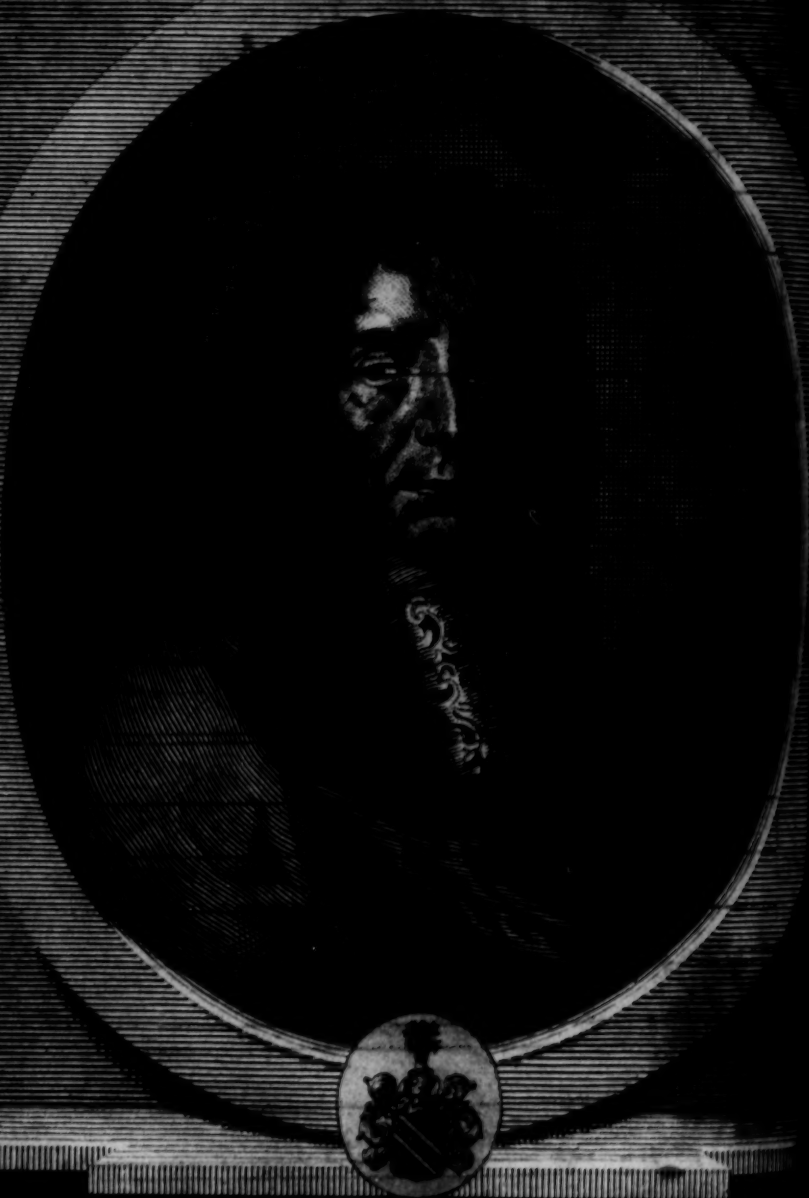
— *Siquis tamen hæc quoque siquis
Captus amore leget.*

L O N D O N,
Printed for *Tho. Bennet*, at the *Half-Moon* in
St. Pauls Church-yard. MDC XC.

Licensed,

Sept. 26. 1689.





EDMOND WALLER. esq.

Ætatis suæ 76.

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The Preface.

TH E Reader need be told no more in commendation of these Poems, than that they are Mr. *Waller's*: A Name that carries every thing in it, that's either Great or Graceful in Poetry. He was indeed the Parent of *English* Verse, and the first that shew'd us our Tongue had Beauty and Numbers in it. Our Language owes more to him than the *French* does to Cardinal *Ripblieu*, and the

The Preface.

whole Academy. A Poet cannot think of him, without being in the same rapture *Lucretius* is in, when *Epicurus* comes in his way.

Tu pater & rerum inventor, Tu patria
(nobis
Suppeditas præcepta: Tuesque ex In-
clyte, chartis (bant,
Floriferis ut Apes in sallibus omnia li-
Omnia Nos itidem depascimur aurea-
(dicta;
Aurea, perpetua semper dignissima vita.

The Tongue came into his hands, like a rough Diamond; he polish'd it first, and to that degree that all Artists since him have
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The Preface.

admired the Workmanship, without pretending to mend it. *Sucklyn* and *Carew*, I must confess, wrote some few things smoothly enough, but as all they did in this kind was not very considerable, so 'twas a little later than the earliest pieces of *Mr. Waller*. He undoubtedly stands first in the List of Refiners, and for ought I know, last too; for I question whether in *Charles the Second's* Reign, *English* did not come to its full perfection; and whether it has not had its *Augustean Age*, as well as the *Latin*. It seems to be already mix'd with Foreign Languages, as far as its purity will bear; and, as Chy-

The Preface.

mists says of their *Menstruums*, to be quite sated with the Infusion. But Posterity will best judge of this---In the mean time, 'tis a surprising Reflection, that between what *Spencer* wrote last, and *Waller* first, there should not be much above twenty years distance : and yet the one's Language, like the Money of that time, is as currant now as ever ; whilst the other's words are like old Coyns, one must go to an Antiquary to understand their true meaning and value. Such advances may a great Genius make, when it undertakes any thing in earnest !

Some

The Preface.

Some Painters will hit the chief Lines, and master strokes of a Face so truly, that through all the differences of Age, the Picture shall still bear a Resemblance. This Art was Mr. *Waller's* ; he sought out, in this flowing Tongue of ours, what parts would last, and be of standing use and ornament ; and this he did so successfully, that his Language is now as fresh as it was at first setting out. Were we to judge barely by the wording, we could not know what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourscore. He complains indeed of a Tyde of words that comes in upon the *English* Poet,
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The Preface.

o'reflows whate're he builds : but this was less his case than any mans, that ever wrote ; and the mischief on't is, this very complaint will last long enough to confute it self. For though *English* be mouldring Stone, as he tells us there ; yet he has certainly pick'd the best out of a bad Quarry.

We are no less beholding to him for the new turn of Verse, which he brought in, and the improvement he made in our Numbers. Before his time, men Rhym'd indeed, and that was all : as for the harmony of measure, and that dance of words, which
good

The Preface.

good ears are so much pleas'd with, they knew nothing of it. Their *Poetry* then was made up almost entirely of monosyllables; which, when they come together in any cluster, are certainly the most harsh untunable things in the World. If any man doubts of this, let him read ten lines in *Donne*, and he'll be quickly convinc'd. Besides, their Verses ran all into one another, and hung together, throughout a whole Copy, like the *hook't Atoms*, that compose a Body in *Des Cartes*. There was no distinction of parts, no regular stops, nothing for the Ear to rest upon---But as soon as
the

The Preface.

the Copy began, down it went, like a Larum, incessantly; and the Reader was sure to be out of Breath, before he got to the end of it. So that really Verse in those days was but down-right Prose, tagg'd with Rhymes. Mr. *Waller* remov'd all these faults, brought in more Polyfyllables, and smother measures; bound up his thoughts better, and in a cadence more agreeable to the nature of the Verse he wrote in: So that where-ever the natural stops of that were, he contriv'd the little breakings of his sense so as to fall in with 'em. And for that reason, since the stress of our Verse lyes

ord
com.

The Preface.

commonly upon the last Syllable, you'll hardly ever find him using a word of no force there. I would say if I were not afraid the Reader would think me too nice, that he commonly closes with Verbs, in which we know the Life of Language consists.

Among other improvements, we may reckon that of *his Rhymes*: Which are always good, and very often the better for being *new*. He had a fine Ear, and knew how quickly that Sense was cloy'd by the same round of chiming Words still returning upon it. 'Tis a decided Case by the great Master of Writing. *Quæ sunt ampla & Pulchra,*

The Preface.

*chra, diu placere possunt ; quæ lepida
& concinna,*(amongst which Rhyme
must, whether it will or no, take
its place) *cito satietate afficiunt au-
rium sensum fastidiosissimum.* This
he understood very well, and
therefore, to take off the danger
of a Surfeit that way, strove to
please by Variety, and new sounds.
Had he carried this Observation
(among others) as far as it would
go, it must, methinks, have shown
him the incurable fault of this
jingling kind of Poetry, and have
led his later judgment to blank
Verse. But he continu'd an ob-
stinate Lover of Rhyme to the
very last : 'Twas a Mistress, that
never

The Preface.

never appear'd unhandsome in his Eyes, and was courted by him long after *Sacharissa* was forsaken. He had rais'd it, and brought it to that perfection we now enjoy it in : And the Poet's temper (which has always a little vanity in it) would not suffer him ever to slight a thing, he had taken so much pains to adorn. My Lord *Roscommon* was more impartial: No man ever Rhym'd truer and evener than he ; yet he is so just as to confess, that 'tis but a Trifle, and to wish the Tyrant dethron'd, and blank Verse set up in its room. There is a third person, the living Glory of our English Poetry, who has

The Preface.

has disclaim'd the use of it upon the Stage, tho no man ever employ'd it there so happily as He. 'Twas the strength of his Genius that first brought it into credit in Plays; and 'tis the force of his Example that has thrown it out agen. In other kinds of writing it continues still; and will do so, till some excellent Spirit arises, that has leisure enough, and resolution to break the charm, and free us from the *troublesome bondage of Rhyming.*

As Mr. *Milton* very well calls it, and has prov'd it as well, by what he has wrote in another way. But this is a thought for times at some distance; the present Age is a little

too

The Preface.

tôo Warlike : It may perhaps furnish out matter for a good Poem in the next, but 'twill hardly encourage one now: Without Prophesying, a Man may easily know, what sort of Lawrels are like to be in request ?

Whilst I am talking of Verse, I find my self, I don't know how, betray'd into a great deal of Prose. I intended no more than to put the Reader in mind, what respect was due to any thing that fell from the Pen of Mr. *Waller*. I have heard his last Printed Copies, which are added in the several Editions of his Poems, very slightly spoken of ; but certainly they don't deserve it. They do indeed disco-

The Preface.

ver themselves to be his last, and that's the worst we can say of 'em. He is there *Jam Senior : Sed cruda Deo viridisque Senectus*. The same censure perhaps will be past on the pieces of this second part. I shall not so far engage for 'em, as to pretend they are all equal to whatever he wrote in the vigour of his Youth. Yet they are so much of a piece with the rest, that any Man will at first sight know 'em to be Mr. *Waller's*. Some of 'em were wrote very early, but not put in former Collections, for reasons obvious enough, but which are now ceas'd. The Play was alter'd, to please the Court : 'Tis not to be doubted who sat for the
the

The Preface.

the two Brothers Characters. 'Twas agreeable to the sweetness of Mr. *Waller's* Temper, to soften the rigour of the Tragedy, as he expresses it ; but whether it be so agreeable to the Nature of Tragedy it self, to make every thing come off easily, I leave to the Criticks. In the Prologue, and Epilogue, there are a few Verses that he has made use of upon another occasion. But the Reader may be pleased to allow that in him, that has been allowed so long in *Homer* and *Lucretius*. Exact Writers dress up their thoughts so very well always, that when they have need of the same sense, they can't put it into other words, but it must be to its

The Preface.

prejudice. Care has been taken in this Book to get together every thing of Mr. *Waller's*, that's not put into the former Collection ; so that between both, the Reader may make the set compleat.

It will perhaps be contended after all, that some of these ought not to have been Publish'd : And Mr. *Cowly's* decision will be urg'd, that a neat Tomb of Marble is a better Monument, than a great Pile of Rubbish, &c. It might be answer'd to this, that the Pictures and Poems of great Masters have been always valu'd, tho the last hand weren't put to 'em. And I believe none of those
Gen.

The Preface.

Gentlemen that will make the objection would refuse a Sketch of *Raphael's*, or one of *Titian's* draughts of the first sitting.

I might tell 'em too, what care has been taken by the Learned, to preserve the Fragments of the Ancient Greek and Latin Poets: There has been thought to be a Divinity in what they said, and therefore the least pieces of it have been kept up and reverenc'd, like Religious reliques. And I am sure, take away the *mille anni*, and Impartial reasoning will tell us, there is as much due to the Memory of Mr. *Waller*, as to the
most

The Preface.

most celebrated names of Antiquity.

But to wave the dispute now of what *ought* to have been done ; I can assure the Reader, what *would* have been had this Edition been delay'd. The following Poems were got abroad, and in a great many hands : It were vain to expect that amongst so many admirers of Mr. *Waller*, they should not meet with one fond enough to Publish 'em. They might have staid indeed, till by frequent transcriptions they had been corrupted extreamly, and jumbled together with things of another kind : But then they would have found their way

The Preface.

way into the World. So 'twas
thought a greater piece of kindness
to the Author, to put 'em out ;
whilst they continue genuine and un-
mix'd; and such, as he himself, were
he alive might own.

Pro-

The Preface.

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T

PROLOGUE

TO THE

MAIDS TRAGEDY.

Alter'd by Mr. W.

*SCARCE should we have the boldness to preter
So long renown'd a Tragedy to mend,
Had not already some deserv'd your praise
With like attempt : Of all our elder Plays,
This and Philaster have the lowdest fame,
Great are their Faults, and glorious is their Flame.
In both our English Genius is exprest ;
Lofly and bold, but negligently drest.*

B

Above

*Above our Neighbours our Conceptions are,
But faultless Writing is th' effect of Care.
Our Lines reform'd, and not compos'd in haste;*

p 247. Polisht like Marble, would like Marble last.

*But as the present, so the last Age writ;
In both we find like negligence and wit.
Were we but less indulgent to our faults,
And patience had to cultivate our thoughts.
Our Muse would flourish, and a nobler rage
Would honour this, than did the Græcian Stage.*

*Thus says our Author, not content to see
That Others write as carelessly as He,
Tho he pretends not to make things compleat,
Tet to please You, he'd have the Poets sweat.*

*In this old Play, what's new we have exprest
In rhiming Verse, distinguish'd from the rest:
That, as the Roan its hasty way does make,
Not mingling Waters, thro Geneva's Lake:*

upon several occasions.

3

So having here the different stiles in view,

You may compare the former with the new.

If we less rudely shall the Knot unty,

Soften the rigour of the Tragedy :

And yet preserve each persons character :

Then to the Other, This you may prefer.

'Tis left to You : the Boxes and the Pit,

Are sovereign Judges of this sort of Wit.

In other things the knowing Artist may

Judge better than the people : but a Play,

Made for delight, and for no other use,

If you approve it not, has no excuse.

B 2

Enter

Enter Evadne, with a Page of Honour.

Evad. **A** *Mintor* lost, it were as vain a thing,
 As 'tis prodigious, to destroy the King,
 Compell'd by Threats, to take that bloody Oath,
 And the Act ill, I am absolv'd by both.
 A Vestal vow'd, with pity I look down
 On the Kings Love, and fierce *Melantius* frown.
 These will to both my resolutions bring :
 Page, give *Melantius* that, these to the King.

Exit Page with Letters.

Under how hard a fate are Women born !
 Priz'd to their ruine, or expos'd to scorn !
 The pow'r of Princes Armies overthrows :
 What can our Sex against such force oppose ?

Love

upon several occasions.

5

Love and Ambition have an equal share
In their vast Treasures, and it costs as dear
To ruine us, as Nations to subdue :
But we are faulty, tho all this be true,
For Towns are starv'd, or batter'd e're they yield :
But We perswaded rather than compell'd :
For things superfluous neglect our Fame,
And weakly render up our selves to shame.

But here's the sacred place, where we may have,
Before we dye, an honourable Grave.
The Dead, and they that live retired here,
Obtain like pardon from the most severe.

She knocks and the Abbess enters.

Abb. The great *Evadne* visiting our Cell !

Evad. 'Tis not to visit you, but here to dwell.
Can you find room for one so bad as I,
That humbly begs she may among you dye ?

Abb. You that so early can correct your thoughts,
 May hope for pardon for your greatest faults.
 Happy is she, who from the World retires,
 And carries with her what the World admires!
 Thrice happy she, whose young thoughts fix'd above,
 While she is lovely, does to Heav'n make Love.
 I need not urge your promise, e're you find
 An entrance here, to leave the World behind.

Evad. My guilty Love Devotion shall succeed.
 Love, such as mine was, tho' a dang'rous Weed,
 Shews the rich soyl, on which it grew so high,
 May yield as fair a Crop of Piety.
 But of all passions, I Ambition find
 Hardest to banish from a glorious mind.
 Yet Heav'n our object made, Ambition may,
 As well as Love, be turn'd a nobler way,
 Still I ascend-- it is a step above
 A Princes favour, to belong to Jove.

*They both go in, and the door shuts.
 Enter*

upon several occasions.

7

Enter Melantius alone, with a Letter in his hand.

Mel. Among the *Vestals* ! she'll corrupt them all,
And teach them from their Sacred Vow to fall.
The standing Regiments, the Fort, the Town,
All but this wicked Sister is our own.
O ! that I could but have surpriz'd the Wretch,
Before she did the place of refuge reach !
That fatal Beast, maliciously forsworn,
Twice false *Evadne*, thus I would have torn.

Tears the Paper with fury

But this design admits of no delay,
And our Revenge must find some speedy way.
I'll sound *Lucippus*, he has always paid
Respect to my deserts: could he be made
To joyn with us, we might preserve the State ;
And take revenge, without our Countrys fate.
He loves his Brother, but a present Crown
Cannot but tempt a Prince so near the Throne.

He's full of Honour: tho he like it not,
If once he swear, he'll not reveal the Plot. *Exit.*

The King enters alone.

King. *Melantius* false! it cannot be, and yet
When I remember how I merit it,
He is presented to my guilty mind
Less to his Duty, than Revenge inclin'd.
'Tis not my nature to suspect my friends,
Or think they can have black malicious ends.
'Tis doing wrong creates such doubts as these,
Renders us jealous, and destroys our peace.
Happy the Innocent, whose equal thoughts
Are free from anguish, as they are from faults.

Enter Page with a Letter.

Page. 'Tis from *Evadne*, Sir. *Exit.*

King. Why should she use
Her Pen to me? 'tis some important news!

Reads

upon several occasions.

9

Reads the Letter.

From among the Vestals. [Strangely dated!]

WHere I am retir'd from the rage of
my offended Brothers. I wish you
were as secure from their Revenge. They
aim at your Life, and made me swear to
take it. They have got possession of the
Fort, and are assur'd of the inclination both
of the Souldiers and Citizens. My first
Prayer is to the Gods for your preservation ;
my next to your Majesty, that if they return
to their duty, you would afford them your
Grace.

*Enter about the middle of the Letter Melantius
and Lucippus whispering.*

O my presaging thoughts! how right are you!

All that *Callianax* affirm'd is true.

The Crown we hazard, when at home we stay,

And teach our forces others to obey.

Con-

Conduct of Armies is a Princes Art :

And when a Subject acts that Royal Part,

As he in Glory rises, we grow less:

While our Arms prosper, ruin'd by success.

For in a Court what can so dreadful be,

As one more glorious than our selves to see!

Seeing them whisper.

But there's *Melantius*---to *Lucippus* ear ;

What 'tis he trusts, I'll step aside and hear.

He hides himself, to hearken to their discourse.

Lucipp. How am I caught with an unwary Oath,

Not to reveal the secret, which I loath !

To stain my Conscience with my Brothers blood,

To be a King ! No, not to be a God.

He that with patience can such Treason hear,

Tho he consent not, has a Guilty Ear.

Unto thy self pronounce the name of *King* ;

That word will keep thee from so foul a thing.

Mel

Mel. Sir, your fond care & kindness comes too late,
To save your Brother, or prevent my hate :
The People mutiny, the Fort is mine,
And all the Souldiers to my will incline ;
Of all his Servants he has lost the heart,
In his own Court I have the nobler part :
Unto your self pronounce the name of King ;
That word will tell you 'tis no trivial thing
That you are offer'd : Do not storm and frown
At my endeavours to preserve the Crown.
Wear it your self ; occasion will not stay ;
'Tis lost unless you take it while you may.
Tumult and ruine will o'rewhelm the State,
And you'll be guilty of your Countrys fate.

Luc. aside. Some form'd design against the K. is laid ;
Let's try how far our reason may perswade.

To him. The Crown you value so, my Brother bears
Upon his Head, and with it all the cares ;

While

While I enjoy th' advantage of his State,
 And all the Crown can give, except the weight.
 Long may he live, that is so far above
 All Vice, all Passion, but excess of Love.
 And can th' effects of Love appear so strange,
 That into Beasts our greatest Gods can change !

Mel. The deathless Gods, when they commit a Rape
 Disguis'd a while, again resume their Shape ;
 But Princes once turn'd into Beasts, remain
 For ever so, and should, like Beasts, be slain.

Lmc. Tho more in years, you have a Mistress still
 And for that fault would you your Sovereign kill
 Love is the frailty of Heroic minds,
 And where great Vertues are our pardon finds
 Brutes may be Chast ; Pidgeons, Swans and Doves
 Are more confin'd, than we are, in their Loves.
 Justice and Bounty, in a Prince, are things
 That Subjects make as happy as their Kings.

Will you contract the guilt of Royal Blood ?

And rob your Country of her chiefest good ?

Mel. Of one, whose Lust his Family has stain'd,
By whose good Conduct he securely reign'd.

Luc. Of one, whose choice first made your Valour
(known,

And with whose Armies you have got renown.

'Tis all the gratitude Subjects can shew,

To bear with Patience what their Princes do.

Mel. Yet *Brutus* did not let proud *Tarquin* scape.

Luc. The Prince his Son was guilty of a Rape.

For Joys extorted with a violent hand,

A just revenge might with your honour stand.

But should a Prince, because he does comply

With one, that's fair, and not unwilling, dye ?

Or is it fit the people should be taught

Your Sisters frailty, with my Brothers fault ?

Mel.

Mel. Let her be known unchast, so it be said,
That he that durst perswade her to't is dead.

Luc. The King has wrong'd you : Is it just that you
Mischief to me and the whole Nation do ?

Mel. A brave Man rather than not take revenge
Just, or unjust, should the whole World unhinge

Luc. Yet of all Vertues, Justice is the best,
Valour, without it, is a common Pest.

Pirates and Thieves, too oft with Courage grace
Shew us how ill that Vertue may be plac'd.

'Tis our complexion makes us chast or brave ;

Justice from Reason, and from Heav'n we have.

All other Vertues dwell but in the blood,

That in the Soul, and gives the name of good ;

Justice, the Queen of Vertues, you despise,

And only rude and savage Valour prize.

To your revenge you think the King and all

That Sacred is, a Sacrifice should fall :

The Town be ruin'd, and this Isle laid wast,
Only because your Sister is not chaste.
Can you expect, that she should be so sage
To rule her blood, and you not rule your rage?
Both foul distempers are, but yours the worse,
Less pleasure has, and brings a greater curse.

Mel. In Idle *Rhodes* Philosophers are bred,
And you, young Prince, are in their *Morals* read.
Nor is it hard for one that feels no wrong,
For patient duty to employ his Tongue.
Oppression makes men mad, and from their breast,
All reason does, and sense of duty wrest.
The Gods are safe, when under wrongs we groan,
Only because we cannot reach their Throne.
Shall Princes then, that are but Gods of clay,
Think they may safely with our honour play?
Reward a Souldiers Merit with a stain
To his whole Race, and yet securely Reign?

Farewel!

Farewel ! I know so brave a Man will scorn
To tell the secret, unto which he's sworn.

Luc. aside. I promis'd Secresy, but did not say
I would look tamely on. *To him. Melantius stay:*
Tho you surpriz'd me, and my hasty word
Restrains my Tongue, it tyes not up my Sword.
Of other Vertues tho you are bereft
By your wild rage, I know your Valour's left.
Swear not to touch my Brother, or with speed
Behind the Castle-wall let's meet. *Mel. Agreed.*

Exit Lucip.

Mel. His well-known Vertue, and his constant Love,
To his bad Brother may the people move :
I'll take the occasion, which he gives, to bring
Him to his Death, and then destroy the King. [*Ex. Mel.*]

Enter the King as discovering himself.

King. O ! what an happiness it is to find
A friend of our own blood, a Brother kind !

A Prince so good, so just, so void of fear,
Is of more value than the Crown I wear.
The Kingdom offer'd, if he would engage,
He has refus'd with a becoming rage.
Happy this Isle, with such a Hero blest ;
What Vertue dwells not in his Loyal Breast ?

Enter Strato.

Str. Sir, we are lost, *Melantius* has the Fort,
And the Town rises to assault the Court :
Wherein they'll find the strongest part their own :
If you'll preserve your self, you must begone.
I have a Garden opens to the Sea,
From whence I can your Majesty convey
To some near friend.

King. There with your Shallop stay :
The Game's not lost, I have one Card to play.
Suffer not *Diphilus* to leave the Court ;
But bid him presently to me resort. *Exit Strato.*

C

Had

Had not this Challenge stopt the impendent fate,
We must have perisht with the ruin'd State.
Forts, Souldiers, Citizens, of all bereft,
There's nothing but our private Valour left :
If he survive, I have not long to Reign ;
But he that's injur'd should be fairly slain.
The people for their Darling would repine,
If he should fall by any hand, but mine.
Less wise than valiant, the vain man is gone
To fight a Duel, when his work was done.
Should I command my Guards to find him, where
He meets my Brother, and destroy him there,
All hope of Peace for ever would be lost,
And the wise Rabble would adore his Ghost.
Dead, than alive, he would do greater harm,
And the whole Island, to revenge him, arm.
So popular, so mighty have I made
This fighting man, while I liv'd in the Shade.

But 'twas a double fault to raise him so,
And then dishonour on his house to throw.
Ill govern'd passions in a Princes Breast,
Hazard his private, and the public rest.
But Errors, not to be recall'd, do find
Their best redress from presence of the mind.
Courage our greatest failings does supply,
And makes all good, or handsomely we dye.
Life is a thing of common use, by Heav'n
As well to Flyes, as unto Princes giv'n
But, for the Crown, 'tis a more sacred thing:
I'll dying lose it, or I'll live a King.

Enter Diphilus.

Come, *Diphilus*, we must together walk;
And of a matter of importance talk.

Diph. aside. What fate is this! had he stay'd half
(an hour,
The rising Town had steed me from his Power.

*Exeunt
Scene.*

Scene changes into a Field : Into which enter Lucippus and Melantius, with Swords drawn.

Mel. Be yet advis'd, th' injurious King forsake ;
Death, or a Scepter from *Melantius* take.

Lucip. Be thou advis'd, thy black design forsake ;
Death, or this Counsel from *Lucippus* take.

Mel. Youth and vain confidence thy life betray ;
Thro Armies this has made *Melantius's* way.

Lucip. Drawn for your King, that Sword would
(wonders do ;

The better Cause makes mine the sharper now.

Thy brutal anger does the Gods defy ;

Kings are their care, resume thy Loyalty :

Or from thy guilty Head I'll pluck the Bays,

And all thy Triumphs shall become my praise.

Mel. That shall be quickly try'd.

Enter the King with Diphilus.

King. With Sword in hand
Like a good Brother, by your Brother stand.

Diph.

Diph. Glad that your pleasure lies this noble way:
I never did more willingly obey.

King. Thy Life, *Melantius*, I am come to take,
Of which foul Treason does a forfeit make.
To do Thee honour, I will shed that blood,
Which the just Laws, if I were faultless, should.

Mel. 'Tis bravely urg'd, Sir; but, their Guards away,
Kings have but small advantage of the Law.

King. Having infring'd the Law, I wave my right
As King, and thus submit my self to fight.
Why did not you your own fierce hand employ,
As I do mine, and tell the reason why?
A Subject should be heard before he's slain:
And does less right belong to us that Reign?

Mel. If, as unjust, I could have thought you brave,
This way I chosen had Revenge to have.
A way so noble, that I must confess,
Already I begin to hate you less.

So unexpected and so brave a thing,
 Makes me remember that you are my King.
 And I would rather be contented, since
 He challeng'd first, to combat with that Prince,
 That so, a Brother for a Sister chang'd,
 We may be of your wanton Pride reveng'd.

King. 'Twas I that wrong'd you, you my Life
 (have fought ;

No Duel ever was more justly fought.
 We both have reason for our fatal wrath :
 Nor is it fit the World should hold us both.

Lucippus to the King apart.
 Me for what nobler use can you reserve,
 Than thus the Crown from danger to preserve ?
 Members expose themselves, to save the Head :
 This way he shall be satisfy'd, or dead.

Melantiüs to his Brother apart.
 Tho' foul Injustice Majesty did stain,
 This noble carriage makes it bright again.

When

When Kings with Courage act, something divine
That calls for Reverence, does about them shine.

Diph. Were we born Princes, we could not expect
For an affront receiv'd ; greater respect.

They that with sharpest Injuries are stung,
If fairly fought withal, forget the wrong.

A thousand pitties such a Royal pair
Should run this hazard for a wanton fair.

Mel. Let us fright so, as to avoid th' extream
Either of searing or of killing them.

Lucippus apart to his Brother.

Sir, you should wield a Scepter, not a Sword,
Nor with your Weapon kill, but with your Word.
The Gods by others execute their will.

K. Yet Heav'n does oft with its own Thunder kill:
And when Necessity and Right command,
A Sword is Thunder in a Sovereign's hand.

Let us dispatch, lest any find us here,
Before we fight ; or he grow less severe.

Here they all Fight.

Lucippus to the King.

Hold Sir, they only guard, and still give place,
To them. Fight us, as Enemies, or ask for Grace.

Mel. I never thought I could expedient see,
On this side death, to right our Family.
The Royal Sword thus drawn, has cur'd a wound
For which no other Salve could have been found.
Your Brothers now in Arms our selves we boast,
As satisfaction for a Sister lost.
The blood of Kings expos'd, washes a stain
Cleaner, than thousands of the Vulgar slain.
You have our pardon, Sir ; and humbly now,
As Subjects ought, we beg the same of you.

Here

Here they both kneel.

Pardon our guilty Rage, which here takes end,
For a lost Sister, and a ruin'd Friend.

Luc. Let your great heart a gracious motion feel:
Is't not enough, you see *Melantius* kneel?
I'll be a pledge for both, they shall be true
As heretofore; and you shall trust 'em too.
His Loyal Arm shall still support the State,
And you no more provoke so just an hate.

King. Rise, brave *Melantius*, I thy pardon sign,
With as much Joy, as I am proud of mine.
Rise, Valiant *Diphilus*, I hope you'll both
Forget my fault, as I shall your just wrath.

Diph. Valour reveal'd in Princes does redeem
Their greatest faults, and crowns them with esteem.
Use us with Honour, and we are your Slaves,
To bleed for you, when least occasion craves.

King.

King. With Honour and with Trust this Land

(shall know

After my Brother, none so great as you.

Enter the Kings Guards.

Mel. If these approach us, Sir, by your command

Take back your Pardon, on our guard we stand.

The King steps between 'em.

King. What over-diligence has brought you here

Captain of the Guards. Such as you'll pardon

(when the News you hear

Amintor is retir'd, *Aspasia* gone,

And a strange humour does possess the Town.

They arm apace, Sir, and aloud declare

Things which we dare not whisper in your Ear.

The Council met, your Guards to find you sent,

And know your pleasure in this Exigent.

This honour'd person you might justly fear,

Were he not Loyal, and amongst us here.

The

They say his merit's ill return'd, and cry,
With great *Melantius* they will live and dye.

Mel. Sir, not your Power, but Vertue made me bow;
For all he tells you, I did kneeling know.

Tho now the faithfullst of your Subjects, we
Have been the cause of all this Mutiny.

Go comfort, Sir, *Amintor*, while we run
To stop the rage of this revolting Town ;
And let them know the happiness they have
In such a Royal pair, so just, so brave.

Lend me your Guards, that if perswasion fail,
Force may against the Mutineers prevail.

K. to the Guards. Go, and obey, with as exact a care,
All his commands, as if our self were there.
He that depends upon another, must
Oblige his Honour with a boundless trust.

Exeunt King and Lucippus.

Mel.

Mel. How vain is Man! how quickly changed are
His wrath and fury to a Loyal care!
This drawn but now against my Sovereigns Breast,
Before 'tis sheath'd shall give him peace and rest.

Exeunt Brothers and Guards.

And the Scene changes into a Forrest.

Enter Aspasia.

Asp. They say, wild Beasts inhabit here;
But Grief and Wrong secure my fear.
Compar'd to him that does refuse,
A Tyger's kind, for he pursues.
To be forsaken's worse than torn,
And Death a lesser ill than scorn:
Oh! that some hungry Beast would come,
And make himself *Aspasia's* Womb!

are If none accept me for a Prey,
Death must be found some other way.
ast, Not long since, walking in the Field,
. I and my Nurse, we there beheld
rds. A goodly fruit ; which tempting me,
I would have pluck'd ; but trembling she,
Whoever pluck'd those Berries, cry'd,
In less than half an hour dy'd.
Some God direct me to that Bough,
On which those useful Berries grow ! *Exit.*

Enter Amintor alone.

Am. Repentance, which became *Evadne* so,
Would no less handsome in *Amintor* show.
She ask'd me pardon ; but *Aspasia* I,
Injur'd alike, suffer to pine and dye.
Tis said, that she this dangerous Forrest haunts,
And in sad accents utters her complaints.

Not

Not ev'ry Lady does from Vertue fall,
 Th' Injurious King does n't possess 'em all.
 Women are govern'd by a stubborn fate,
 Their Love's insuperable as their hate.
 No merit their aversion can remove,
 Nor ill requital can efface their Love.
 If I can find her, e're she perish, I
 Will gain her pardon, or before her dye.
 Well I deserv'd *Evadne's* scorn to prove,
 That to Ambition sacrific'd my Love.
 Fools that consult their Avarice or Pride!
 To chuse a Wife, Love is our noblest Guide. *Exit*

*Enter Aspasia alone, with a Bough in her hand, full
 of fair Berries.*

Asp. This happy Bough shall give relief,
 Not to my hunger, but my grief.
 In colder Regions men compose
 Poyson with Art, but here it grows.

How lovely these ill Berries show !
 And so did false *Aminor* too.
 Heav'n would ensnare us--who can scape,
 When fatal things have such a shape ?
 The Birds know how to chuse their fare,
 To peck this fruit they all forbear.
 Those chearful Singers know not why
 They should make any haste to dye :
 And yet they Couple-----Can they know
 Love, without knowing Sorrow too ?
 Nothing in vain the Gods create,
 This Bough was made to hasten fate.
 Twas in compassion of our woe,
 That Nature first made Poysons grow ;
 For hopeless Wretches, such as I,
 Kindly providing means to dye.
 As Mothers do their Children keep,
 She feeds us, and she makes us sleep :

The

The indispos'd she does invite
To go to Bed before 'tis night.
Death always is to come, or past :
If it be ill, it cannot last.
Sure 'tis a thing was never known ;
For when that's present, we are gone.
'Tis an imaginary Line,
Which does our being here confine.
Dead we shall be, as when unborn ;
And then I knew nor Love, nor Scorn.
But say we are to live elsewhere,
What has the Innocent to fear ?
Can I be treated worse below,
Than here ? or more unjustly ? No !
Justice from hence long since is gone,
And reigns where I shall be anon.
Like Slaves redeem'd, Death sets us free
From Passion, and from Injury.

The Living chain'd to Fortunes Wheel,

In Triumph led, her changes feel :

And Conquerors kept Poysons by,

Prepar'd for her Inconstancy.

Bays against Thunder might defend their Brow :

But against Love and Fortune here's the Bow.

Here she puts some of the Berries to her mouth

Enter Amintor in haste, strikes the Berries out of her hand, and snatches the Bough.

Am. Rash Maid, forbear ; and lay those Berries by,

Or give them him that has deserv'd to dye.

Asp. What double Cruelty is this ? Would you

That made me wretched, keep me always so ?

Evadne has you : let *Aspasia* have

The common refuge of a quiet grave.

If you have kindness left, there see me laid :

To bury decently the injur'd Maid,

Is all the favour that you can bestow,
Or I receive---Pray render me my Bough.

Am. No less than you, was your *Amintor* wrong'd:
The false *Evadne* to the King belong'd.
You had my promise, and my Bed is free ;
I may be yours, if you can pardon me.

Asp. Your Vows to her were in the Temple paid,
The sacred Altar Witness'd what you said.

Am. The pow'rs above are to no place confin'd,
But every where hear promises that bind.
The Heav'n, the Air, Earth, and the boundless Sea,
Make but one Temple for the Deity.
That was a Witness to my former Vow :
None can *Amintor* justly claim, but you.
Who gives himself away the second time,
Creates no title, but commits a Crime.

Asp. I could have dy'd but once; but this believ'd,
I may (alas!) be more than once deceiv'd.

By what new Gods, *Amintor*, will you swear?

Am. By the same Gods, that have been so severe
By the same Gods, the justice of whose Wrath
Punish'd the infraction of my former faith.

May every Lady an *Evadne* prove,
That shall divert me from *Aspasia's* Love.

Asp. If ever you should prove inconstant now,
I shall remember where these Berries grow.

Am. My Love was always constant; but the King
Melantius's friendship, and that fatal thing
Ambition, me on proud *Evadne* threw;
And made me cruel to my self, and you.
But if you still distrust my faith, I vow
Here in your presence I'll devour the Bough.

Asp. Snatching the Bough from him:
Rash Man, forbear! if not restrain'd by doubt,
From my stretcht heart my Spirits would fly out.

But for the mixture of some unbelief,
My Joy had been as fatal as my Grief.
The sudden news of unexpected bliss,
Would yet have made a Tragedy of this.
Secure of my *Amintor*, still I fear
Evadne's mighty friend, the King. . . *Am.* He's here.

Enter the King, and his Brother, to them.

King, turning to his Brother.

How shall I look upon that noble Youth,
So full of Patience, Loyalty, and Truth?
The fair *Aspasia* I have injur'd too,
The guilty author of their double woe.
My passion gone, and reason in the Throne,
'Amaz'd I see the mischiefs I have done.
After a Tempest, when the Winds are laid,
The calm Sea wonders at the wrecks it made.

Am. Men wrong'd by Kings impute it to their fate,
And Royal kindness never comes too late :

So when Heav'n frowns, we think our anger vain;
Joyful and thankful when it smiles again.

Taking Aspasia by the hand.

This knot you broke, be pleas'd again to bind,
And we shall both forget you were unkind.

King. May you be happy, and your sorrows past,
Set off those Joys I wish may ever last.

But, Madam, make not that fair fruit your food:
It is the greatest Poyson in the Wood.

Am. She knows it, Sir; yet, had not I made haste,
Upon these Berries she had broke her fast.

K. Read this. *Am.* *Evadne* with the Vestals! Now
You'll have no more occasion for this Bough.

*Enter a Messenger from Melantius, applying himself
to the King.*

Mess. *Melantius*, Sir, has let the people know
How just you are, and how he's grac'd by you.

The Town's appeas'd, and all the air does ring
With repetitions of *Long live the King.*

Luc. Sir, let us to the Sacred Temple go,
That you are safe our Joy and Thanks to shew.

King. Of all we offer to the Pow'rs above,
The sweetest Incense is fraternal Love.
Like the rich Clouds that rise from melted Gums,
It spreads it self, and the whole Isle perfumes.
For such a Brother, to th' Immortal Gods
More thanks I owe, than for the Crown of Rhodes.

EPI.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by the King.

THE fierce Melantius was content, you see,
The King should live; be not more fierce than he.

Too long indulgent to so rude a Time;

When Love was held so capital a Crime,

That a Crown'd Head could no compassion find;

But dy'd, because the Killer had been kind.

Nor is't less strange such mighty Wits as those

Should use a Style in Tragedy, like Prose.

Well sounding Verse, where Princes tread the Stage, p 256.

Should speak their Vertue, or describe their rage. p 160.

By the lowd Trumpet, which our Courage aids,

We learn that sound, as well as sense, perswades.

And

*And Verses are the potent charms we use,
Heroic Thoughts and Vertue to infuse.*

*When next we act this Tragedy again,
Unless you like the Change, we shall be slain.
The innocent Aspasia's Life or Death,
Amintor's too, depends upon your breath.
Excess of Love was heretofore the cause ;
Now if we dye, 'tis want of your applause.*

EPILOGUE,

*Design'd upon the first alteration
of the Play ; when the King only was
left alive.*

A *Spasia bleeding on the Stage does lye,
To shew you still 'tis the Maids Tragedy.
The fierce Melantius, &c. as before, to
—— the Killer had been kind.*

This

upon several occasions.

41

This better natur'd Poet had repriev'd

Gentle Amintor too, had he believ'd

The fairer Sex his pardon could approve

Who to Ambition sacrific'd his Love.

Aspasia he had spar'd; but for her Wound,

Neglected Love, there could no Salve be found.

When next we act this Tragedy again,

Unless you like the change, I must be slain.

Excess of Love was heretofore the Cause;

Now if I dye, 'tis want of your Applause.

Some

Some Verses that seem to be
part of the foregoing Play.

NO Forrest, Cave, nor Savage Den,
Holds more pernicious Beasts, than Men.
Vows, Oaths, and Contracts they devise,
And tell us they are Sacred Tyes.
And so they are, in our esteem ;
But empty Names despis'd by them.
Women with studied Arts they vex :
Ye Gods, destroy that impious Sex !
And if there must be some t' invoke
Your Pow'rs, and make your Altars smoke ;
Come down your selves, and in their place,
Get a more just, and nobler Race :

Such as the old World did adorn,
When Heroes, like your selves, were born:
But this I wish not for *Aspasia's* sake;
For she no God would for *Amintor* take.

Epitaph on the Lady Sidly.

Here lyes the learned *Savil's* Heir,
So early wife, and lasting fair;
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a Child, or thought her old.
All that her Father knew or got,
His Art, his Wealth, fell to her Lot:
And she so well improv'd that Stock;
Both of his Knowledge and his Flock;
That Wit and Fortune reconcil'd,
In her, upon each other smil'd.

Whilft

Whilst she to ev'ry well-taught mind
Was so propitiously inclin'd ;
And gave such Title to her store,
That none, but th' ignorant, were poor.
The Muses daily found supplies
Both from her hands, and from her eyes.
Her bounty did at once engage,
And matchless Beauty warm their rage.
Such was this Dame in calmer days,
Her Nations ornament and praise.
But, when a Storm disturb'd our Rest,
The Port and Refuge of th' oppress'd.
This made her fortune understood,
And look'd on as some public good.
So that, her Person and her State
Exempted from the common Fate,
In all our Civil Fury she
Stood, like a Sacred Temple, free.

May here her Monument stand so,
To credit this rude age ; and shew
To future times, that even we
Some patterns did of Vertue see :
And one sublime Example had
Of good, among so many bad.

Epitaph, unfinished.

Great Soul, for whom Death will no longer stay,
But sends in haste to snatch our Bliss away.
O cruel Death ! to those you take more kind,
Than to the wretched Mortals left behind !
Here Beauty, Youth and noble Vertue shin'd,
Free from the Clouds of Pride that shade the mind.
Inspired Verse may on this Marble live,
But can no honour to thy Ashes give.

The

The Triple Combat.

WHen thro the World fair *Mazarine* had run,
 Bright as her fellow-*Traveller*, the Sun;
 Hither at length the *Roman* Eagle flies,
 As the last Triumph of her conqu'ring Eyes.
 As Heir to *Julius*, she may pretend
 A second time to make this Nation bend.
 But *Portsmouth*, springing from the ancient race
 Of *Britains*, which the *Saxon* here did chase,
 As they great *Cæsar* did oppose, makes head;
 And does against this new Invader lead.
 That goodly Nymph, the taller of the two,
 Careless and fearless to the field does go.
 Becoming blushing on the other wait,
 And her young look excuses want of height.

Beauty

upon several occasions.

47

Beauty gives Courage; for she knows the day
Must not be won the *Amazonian* way.
Nor does her Grace the better title want;
Our Law's indulgent to the Occupant.
Legions of Beauties to the Battel come,
For little *Britain* these, and those for *Rome*.
Drest to advantage, this Illustrious Pair
Arriv'd, for Combat in the List appear.
Venus had been an equal friend to both,
And Victory to declare her self seems loth.
What may the fates design! for never yet
From distant Regions two such Beauties met:
Over the Camp with doubtful Wings she flies,
Till *Chloris* shining in the Field she spys:
The lovely *Chloris* Shining well attended came,
A thousand graces waited on the Dame.
Her matchless form made all the *English* glad,
And foreign Beauties less assurance had.

*This Chloris
appears to have
been meant for
some real
Personage. He has
2, or 3 Copies to the
same Name in the
Edit. of 1645.
see p. 158.*

Yet

Yet, like the Three on *Ida's* Top, they all
Pretend alike, contesting for the Ball.

Which to determine Love himself declin'd,
Left the neglected should become less kind.

Such killing looks! so thick the Arrows fly!
That 'tis unsafe to be a stander by.

Poets approaching to describe the fight,

h248. Are by their wounds instructed how to write:

They, with less hazard, might look on and draw
The ruder Combats in *Alsatia*.

And with that Foil of violence and rage

Set off the splendour of the Golden Age:

Where Love gives Law, Beauty the Scepter sways;

And uncompell'd, the happy World obeys.

To

To Mr. Killegrew, upon his altering his Play *Pandora*, from a Tragedy into a Comedy, because not approv'd on the Stage.

SIR, you should rather teach our Age the way
Of Judging well, than thus have chang'd your
(Play,

You had oblig'd us by employing Wit,

Not to Reform *Pandora*, but the Pit.

For as the Nightingale, without the Throng

Of other Birds, alone attends her Song :

While the lowd Daw, his Throat displaying, draws

The whole assembly of his fellow-Daws.

So must the Writer, whose productions should

Take with the Vulgar, be of vulgar mould :

E

While

Whilst nobler fancies make a flight too high
For common view, and lessen as they fly.

Some Verses belonging to a Copy in the First Part of his Poems, entitled, *Upon a War with Spain, and a Fight at Sea*: The Close of it was Originally thus.

With these returns Victorious *Mountagu*,
With Lawrels in his hand, and half *Peru*.
Let the brave Generals divide that Bough,
Our great Protector hath such Wreaths enough.
His conquering Head has no more room for Bays:
Then let it be, as the glad Nation prays.

Let the rich Ore forthwith be melted down,
And the State fix'd by making him a Crown.

*A very liberal Return to Cromwell for
recalling him from Banishment, in 1652. With
The above Copy was written in 1656. P.N.
see his Panegyrick p62.*

upon several occasions.

51

With Ermin clad and Purple, let him hold

A Royal Scepter, made of *Spanish* Gold.

On the Picture of a fair Youth,
taken after he was dead.

*This Copy is Printed Imperfectly in the first
part of his Poems.*

AS gather'd Flowers, whilst their wounds are new,
Look gay and fresh, as on the stalk they grew;
Torn from the Root that nourish'd 'em, a while,
Not taking notice of their fate, they smile;
And in the hand, which rudely pluckt 'em, show
Fairer than those that to their Autumn grow:
So love and Beauty still that visage grace,
Death cannot fright 'em from their wonted place;

Alive the hand of crooked Age had marr'd
Those lovely features, which cold Death has spar'd.
No wonder then he sped in Love so well,
When his high passion he had breath to tell,
When that accomplish'd Soul in this fair frame,
No business had but to perswade that Dame :
Whose mutual Love advanced the Youth so high,
That, but to Heav'n, he could no higher fly.

Long and Short Life.

Circles are prais'd, not that abound
In largeness, but th' exactly round.
So Life we praise, that does excel
Not in much time, but acting well.

Prologue to the Lady Actors.

A Maze us not with that Majestic Frown,
But lay aside the greatness of your Crown,
For your diversion here we act in Jest ;
But when we act our selves, we do our best.
You have a Look, which does your people awe,
When in your Throne and Robes you give 'em Law.
Lay it by here, and give a gentler smile ;
Such as we see great *Joves* in Picture, while
He listens to *Apollo's* charming Lyre,
Or judges of the Songs he does inspire.
Comedians on the Stage shew all their skill,
And after do as Love and Fortune will.
We are less careful, hid in this disguise ;
In our own Clothes more serious, and more wise.

Modest at home, upon the Stage more bold,
 We feign warm Lovers, tho our Breasts be cold.
 A fault committed here deserves no scorn,
 If we act well the parts, to which we're born.

To Mr. Creech, on his Translation
 of *Lucretius*.

WHAT all men wisht, tho few cou'd hope to see,
 We are now blest with, and oblig'd by Thee.
 Thou from the ancient Learned *Latin* store,
 Giv'st us one Author, and we hope for more.
 May they enjoy thy Thoughts---Let not the Stage
 The Idl'st Moment of thy hours engage.
 Each year that place some wondrous Monster breeds,
 And the Wits Garden is o're-run with Weeds.

** Waller appears not to have had any Taste for Dramatick writing.* There

There Farce is Comedy, Bombast call'd Strong;
Soft words, with nothing in 'em, make a Song.
'Tis hard to say they steal 'em now adays,
For sure the Ancients never wrote such Plays.
These scribbling Insects have what they deserve,
Not Plenty, nor the Glory for to starve.
That *Spencer* knew, That *Tasso* felt before,
And Death found surly Ben exceeding poor.
Heaven turn the Omen from their Image here,
May he with Joy the well-plac'd Lawrel wear:
Great *Virgil's* happier fortune may he find,
And be our *Cæsar*, like *Augustus*, kind.

But let not this disturb thy tuneful head,
Thou writ'st for thy Delight, and not for Bread;
Thou art not curst to write thy Verse with care,
But art above what other Poets fear.
What may we not expect from such a hand,
That has, with Books, Himself at free Command?

Thou know'st in Youth what Age has sought in vain,
 And bring'st forth Sons without a Mothers Pain :
So easie is thy Sense, thy Verse so sweet,
Thy Words so proper, and thy Phrase so fit,
 We read, and read again, and still admire
 Whence came this Youth, and whence this wondrous

(Fire

Pardon this Rapture, *Sir* ; but who can be
 Cold and unmov'd, yet have his thoughts on thee ?
 Thy Goodness may my several faults forgive,
 And by your help these wretched lines may live :
 But if when view'd by your severer sight,
 They seem unworthy to behold the Light,
 Let them with speed in deserv'd flames be thrown,
 They'll send no sighs, nor murmur out a groan,
 But dying silently your Justice own.

On

On the D. of *Monmouth's* Expedition into *Scotland*, in the Summer Solstice, 1678.

Swift as *Joves* Messenger, the Winged God,
With Sword as Potent as his Charming Rod,
He flew to Execute the Kings Command,
And in a moment reach'd that *Northern* Land;
Where Day contesting with approaching Night,
Assists the Heroe with continu'd Light.

On Foes surpriz'd, and by no Night conceal'd,
He might have rush'd; but Noble Pity held
His Hand a while, and to their choice gave space,
Which they would prove, his Valour, or his Grace.
This not well heard, his Cannon louder spoke,
And then, like Lightning, thro' that Cloud he broke;

His

His Fame, his Conduct, and that Martial Look,
The guilty *Scotch* with such a Terror strook,
That to his Courage they resign the Field,
Who to his Bounty had refus'd to yield;
Glad that so little Loyal Blood it cost,
He grieves so many *Britains* should be lost;
Taking more Pains, when he beheld them yield,
To save the Fliers, than to win the Field.
And at the Court his Interest did employ,
That none, who scap'd his fatal Sword, should dye.

And now these rash bold Men their Error find,
Not trusting one beyond his Promise kind;
One whose great Mind, so bountiful and brave,
Had learnt the Arts to Conquer and to Save.

In Vulgar Breasts no Royal Vertues dwell,
Such deeds as these his high Extraction tell;
And gives a secret Joy to him who Reigns,
To see his Blood Triumph in *Monmouth's* Veins:

To see a Leader, whom he got and chose,
Firm to his Friends, and fatal to his Foes.

But seeing Envy, like the Sun, does beat
With scorching Rayes, on all that's high and great;
This, ill requited *Monmouth*, is the Bough
The Muses send to shade thy Conqu'ring Brow.

Campeens, like Squibs, may make a present blaze,
But Time and Thunder pay respect to Bays. *See p 223.*

Cover'd with Dust at one another thrown,
How can the lustre of their Wit be shown?

Achilles Arms dazles our present view,

Kept by the Muse as radiant and as new,

As from the Forge of *Vulcan* first they came;

Thousands of years are past, and they the same:

Such care she takes, to pay desert with Fame.

Then which no Monarch, for his Crowns defence,
Knows how to give a Nobler Recompence.

Pride.

Pride.

NO T the brave *Macedonian* Youth alone,
But base *Caligula*, when on the Throne,
Boundless in Pow'r, would make himself a God;
As if the World depended on his Nod.
The *Syrian* King to Beasts was headlong thrown,
E're to himself he could be mortal known.
The meanest wretch, if Heav'n should give him Life
Would never stop, till he were thought divine.
All might within discern the Serpents pride,
If from our selves nothing our selves did hide.
Let the proud Peacock his gay feathers spread,
And wooe the Female to his painted Bed.
Let Winds and Seas together rage and swell,
This Nature teaches, and becomes 'em well.

Pride was not made for Man : a conscious sense
Of Guilt, and Folly, and their consequence
Destroys the claim ; and to beholders tells,
 Here nothing, but the shape of manhood, dwells.

Of Tea, commended by Her Ma-
 jesty, *the Queen of Charles 2^d.*

Venus her Myrtle, *Phæbus* has his Bays ;
 Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.
 The best of Queens, and best of Herbs we owe,
 To that bold Nation, which the way did shew
 To the fair Region, where the Sun does rise ;
 Whose rich Productions we so justly prize.
 The Muses Friend, Tea, does our fancy aid ;
 Repress those Vapours, which the head invade :
 And keeps that Palace of The Soul serene,
 Fit on her Birth-day to salute the Queen.

Panegyrick

*a Panegyrick to my Lord Protector, of the present
Greatness & joint Interest of his Highness, & this
Nation. 2^d. 1655.*

see p 40.

Panegyrick upon O. Cromwell.

WHile, with a strong, and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle Faction, & our Hearts command

Protect us from our selves, and from our foe,

Make us Unite, and make us Conquer too;

Let partial Spirits still aloud complain,

Think themselves injur'd, that they cannot Reign,

1655. And own no Liberty, but ^{to} when they may,

Without Controul, upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune shew'd his face,

To chide the Winds, and save the Trojan Race;

So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,

Storms of Ambition, tossing us, repress.

Your Drooping Country, torn with Civil Hate,

Restor'd by you, is made a Glorious State :

The

The Seat of Empire, where the *Irish* come,
And the unwilling *Scot*, to fetch their doom /.
The Sea's our own, and now all Nations greet,
With bending Sails, each Vessel of our Fleet:
Your Power extends as far as Winds can blow,
Or swelling Sails upon the Globe may go /.
Heaven, that has plac'd this Island to give Law,
To Ballance *Europe*, and Her States to awe /,
In this Conjunction does on *Britain* smile /,
The greatest Leader, and the greatest Isle.
Whether this Portion of the World were Rent
By the Rude Ocean from the Continent;
Or thus Created; sure it was design'd
To be the Sacred Refuge of Mankind /.
Hither the Oppress'd shall henceforth Resort.
Justice to Crave, and Succour at the Court:
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the Worlds Protector shall be known.

Fame,

Fame, swifter than your Winged Navy flies,
 Through every Land that near the Ocean lyes,
 Sounding your Name, and telling dreadful News,
 To all that Piracy and Rapine use.

With such a Chief the meanest Nation blest,
 Might hope to lift her Head above the rest.

What may be thought Impossible to do,

1655. For us, Embraced by the Seas and you,

Lords of the Worlds great waste, the Ocean, we

Whole Forrests send to Reign upon the Sea;

And every Coast may Trouble, or Relieve;

But none can Visit us, without your leave.

Angels and we have this Prerogative,

v. 1696. p. 2.

That none can at our Happy seat arrive,

5. 1655.

While we Defend, at Pleasure to Invade

The Bad with Vengeance, and the Good to Aid.

Our little World, the Image of the Great,

Like that, amidst the ^{boundless. 1655.} Ambient Ocean set,

Of her own growth hath all that Nature craves;
 And all that's rare, as Tribute from the Waves /
 As *Egypt* does not on the Clouds rely,
 But to ^{the} ~~her~~ ^{1655.} Nile owes more than to the Sky /,
 So what ~~soe're~~ ^{what out.} our Earth and Heav'n denies,
 Our ever constant Friend, the Sea, supplies:
 The taste of Hot *Arabia's* Spice we know,
 Free from the scorching Sun, that makes it grow;
 Without the ^{warm.} ~~heat~~ ^{1655.} in *Persian* Silks we shine;
 And, without Planting, drink of every Vine:
 To dig for Wealth we weary not our Limbs;
 Gold, tho the heaviest Mettal, hither swims /:
 Ours is the Harvest, where the *Indians* mow;
 We plow the Deep, and reap what others sow /.
 Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;
 Stout are our Men, and Warlike are our Steeds.
Rome, tho her Eagle through the World ^{d.} ~~has~~ ^{1655.} flown,
 Could never make this Island all her own /.

Here the Third *Edward*, and the *Black Prince* too,
France-Conquering Henry flourish, and now you;
 For whom we stay'd, as did the ^{*Trojan. 1655.*} Grecian State,
 Till *Alexander* came to urge their Fate ♪.
 When for more Worlds the *Macedonian* cry'd,
 He wist not *Thetis* in her Lap did hide
 Another yet; a World, reserv'd for you.
 To make more great, than that he did subdue ♪.
 He safely might old Troops to Battel lead,
 Against the unwarlike *Persian* and the *Mede*;
 Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless Field,
 More Spoyl, than Honour, to the Victor yield:
 A Race unconquer'd, by their Clime made bold,
 The *Caledonians*, Arm'd with want and cold,
 Have by a fate, indulgent to your fame,
 Been from all Ages kept for you to tame ♪.
 Whom the old *Roman* Wall so ill confin'd,
 With a new Chain of Garrisons you bind:

Here

Here foreign Gold no more shall make them come;
 Our *English* Iron holds them fast at home †.
 They, that henceforth must be content to know
 No warmer Region, than their Hills of Snow †,
 May blame the Sun, but must extol your Grace,
 Which in our Senate hath allow'd them place :
 Preferr'd by Conquest, happily o'rethrown,
 Falling they Rise, to be with us made one :
 So kind *Dictators* made, when they came home,
 Their vanquisht Foes, Free Citizens of *Rome* †.
 Like favour find the *Irish*, with like fate,
 Advanced to be a Portion of our State:
 Whilst by your Valour, and ^{your courteous} obliging mind, 1655.
 Nations, divided by the Sea, are joyn'd :
Holland, to gain our friendship is content
 To be our Out-guard on the Continent †:
 She from her fellow Provinces would go,
 Rather than hazard to have you her Foe †.

The only Cure, which could from Heav'n come down
 Was so much Power, and Clemency in One; ^{Piety. 1655. v. 1656. p. 3.}
 One, whose Extraction^{—1655.} from a Noble Line,
 Gives hopes again that Well-born Men may shine;
 The meanest in your Nature, Mild and Good,
 The Noblest ~~Rest~~ ^{an artful flattery} secured in your Blood. ^{P.H.}
^{Oct. 1655.} Much have we wondered how you hid, in Peace,
 A Mind proportion'd to such things as these;
 How such a Ruling Spirit you could Restrain,
 And Practice first over your self to Reign:
 Your Private Life did a just Pattern give,
 How Fathers, Husbands, Pious Men should live; ^{Sons. 1655.}
 Born to Command, your Princely Vertues slept,
 Like Humble David's ^{—1655.} whilst the flock he kept;
 But, when your troubled Country call'd you forth,
 Your flaming Courage and your matchless worth,
 Dazzling the Eyes of all that did pretend,
 To fierce Contention gave a prosperous end.

Still as you rise, the State, exalted too,
 Finds no distemper, whilst 'tis chang'd by you;
 Chang'd like the world's great Scene, when, without noise,
 The Rising Sun, Nights vulgar light destroys.

Had you, some Ages past, this Race of Glory

Run, with amazement we should read ^{your} the Story;

But living Vertue (all Atchievements past)

Meets Envy still to grapple with at last:

This *Cæsar* found, and that ungrateful Age,

^{1655.} Which, ^{it} losing him, ^{went} fell back to Blood and Rage;

Mistaken *Brutus* thought to break their yoke,

But cut the Bond of Union with that stroke:

That Sun once Set, a thousand meaner Stars

Gave a Dim light to Violence and Wars:

'Twas such a Tempest as now threatens all,

Did not your Mighty Arm prevent the fall.

^{1655.} If *Rome's* Great Senate could not wield ^{at} the Sword,

Which of the Conquer'd World had made them Lord,

What

their. 1655.

What hope had ours, whilst yet your Power was new,
 To Rule Victorious Armies, but by you?
 You, that had taught them to subdue their Foes,
 Could Order, teach, and their high Spirits Compose;
 To ev'ry Duty could their Minds engage,
 Provoke their Courage, and command their Rage;
 So, when a Lyon shakes ^{et. 1655.} his dreadful Main,
 And angry grows, if he, that first took pain
 To tame his Youth, approach the haughty Beast,
 He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

X Stanza at bottom

Then let the Muses, with such Notes as these,
 Instruct us what belongs unto our Peace;
 Your Battels they hereafter shall Endite,
 And draw the Image of our Mars in Fight;
 Tell of Towns Storm'd, of Armies over-^{come. 1655.}run,
 And Mighty Kingdoms by your Conquest won;
 How, while you thundred, Clouds of dust did choak
 Contending Troops, and Seas lay hid in smoke:

As the next words to find Repose at last
Itself into Augustus Arms did cast; F 4. Illustrious
 So England now doth, with like Toil oppress'd,
 Her weary head upon your bosom rest. 1655.

Illustrious Acts high Raptures do Infuse,

And ev'ry Conqueror Creates a Muse :

Here in low strains your milder Deeds we Sing;

^{1655.} But then ^{we} (my Lord) we'll Bays and Olive bring

To Crown your Head, while you in Triumph Ride

O'er ^{vanquish'd. 1653} Nations Conquer'd, and the Sea beside ;

While all the Neighbour Princes unto you,

Like *Joseph's* Sheaves, pay Reverence and bow.

Upon the late Storm, and Death of the late Usurper O. C.

See Dryden 1^o. 7.

WE must resign; Heav'n his great Soul does claim

In Storms, as loud as his Immortal Fame ;

His dying Groans, his last breath shakes our Isle,

And Trees uncut fall for his Funeral Pile.

About

About his Palace their broad Roots are tost
Into the Air : So Romulus was lost: *Hud. l. 3. 106.*
New *Rome* in such a Tempest mist their King,
And from obeying fell to Worshipping.
On *Oeta's* top thus *Hercules* lay Dead,
With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him spread ;
The Poplar too, whose bough he wont to wear
On his Victorious Head, lay prostrate there.
Those his last Fury from the Mountain rent ;
Our Dying Hero from the Continent,
Ravish'd whole Towns, and Forts, from *Spaniards* rest,
As his last Legacy, to *Britain* left.
The Ocean, which so long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaster mind :
Our bounds enlargement was his latest toil,
Nor hath he left us Prisoners to our Isle.
Under the Tropick is our Language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our Yoke.

+
From

From Civil Broils he did us disingage,
Found Nobler Objects for our Martial Rage),
And, with wise Conduct, to his Country shew'd /
Their ancient way of Conquering abroad :
Ungrateful then, if we no tears allow
To him, that gave us Peace and Empire too /.
Princes, that fear'd him, griev'd, concern'd to see
No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free :
Nature, her self, took notice of his Death,
And, sighing, swell'd the Sea with such a breath,
That, to remotest Shores her Billows rowl'd,
Th' approaching Fate of her great Ruler told.

To

To Chloris.

*The two following Copies are in the Edition
Printed 1645.*

Chloris, what's eminent we know,
Must for some cause be valued so ;

Things without use, tho they be good,
Are not by us so understood.

The early Rose made to display

Her blushes to the youthful May,

Doth yield her sweets, since he is fair,

And Courts her with a gentle Ayre.

Our Stars do shew their Excellence,

Not by their Light, but Influence ;

When

When brighter Comets, since still known
Fatal to all, are-lik'd by none :
So your admired Beauty still,
Is by effects made good or ill.

Madam,

AS in some Climes, the warmer Sun
Makes it full Summer e're the Spring's begun,
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
Before the Violets dare look abroad :
So measure not by any common use,
The early love your brighter eyes produce,
When lately your fair hand, in Womans weed,
Wrapt my glad head, I wish'd me so indeed,
That hasty time might never make me grow
Out of those favours you afford me now ;
That I might ever such Indulgence find,
And you not blush, or think your self too kind,

Who

Who now I fear while I these joys express,
Begin to think how you may make them less :
The sound of Love makes your soft Heart affraid,
And guard it self, though but a Child invade ;
And innocently at your white Breast throw
A Dart as white, a Ball of new fallen Snow.

An Epigram

On a Painted Lady with ill Teeth.

WEre Men so dull they could not see
That *Lyce* Painted, should they flee
Like simple Birds into a Net,
So grossly woven and ill set ;
Her own Teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that she had got.

Those

Those Teeth fair *Lyce* must not show,
If she would bite : her Lovers, though
Like Birds they stoop at seeming Grapes,
Are disabus'd, when first she gapes;
The rotten bones discover'd there,
Show 'tis a Painted Sepulcher.

To

To my Lady---

M A D A M,



Our Commands for the gathering of these sticks into a Faggot, had sooner been obeyed, but intending to present you with my whole Vintage: I stayed till the latest Grapes were ripe, for here your Ladiship hath not only all I have done, but all I ever mean to do in this kind: Not but that I may defend the attempt I have made upon Poetry, by the examples (not to trouble you with History) of many Wise, and Worthy Persons of our own times: As Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Fra. Bacon, Cardinal Perron, the ablest of his Country-men; and the former Pope, who

who they say, instead of the triple Crown, wore sometimes the Poets Ivy, as an Ornament, perhaps, of lesser weight and trouble. But, Madam, these Nightingals sing only in the Spring, it was the diversion of their Youth. As Ladies learn to Sing and Play when they are Children, what they forget when they are Women. The resemblance holds further, for as you quit the Lute the sooner, because the posture is suspected to draw the body awry, so this is not always practised without some Villany to the mind, wresting it from present occasions, and accustoming us to a Still somewhat removed from common use. But that you may not think his case deplorable, who had made Verses, we are told, that Tully (the greatest Wit among the Romans) was once sick of this Disease, and yet recover'd so well, that of almost as bad a Poet as your Servant, he became the most perfect Orator in the World. So that not so much to have made Verses, as not to
give

give over in time, leaves a man without excuse ; the former presenting us with an opportunity, at least, of doing Wisely ; that is, to conceal those we have made ; which I shall yet do, if my humble request may be of as much force with your Ladyship, as your Commands have been with me : Madam, I only whisper these in your ears ; if you publish them, they are your own, and therefore as you apprehend the reproach of a Wit, and a Poet, cast them into the fire ; or if they come where green Boughs are in the Chimney, with the help of your fair Friends ; (for thus bound, it will be too hard a task for your hands alone) to tear them in pieces ; wherein you shall honour me with the fate of Orpheus, for so his Poems, whereof we only bear the form (not his limbs as the Story will have it) I suppose were scattered by the Thracian Dames. Here, Madam, I might take an opportunity to Celebrate your Vertues, and to instruct you how Unhappy you are, in

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that

that you know not who you are ; how much you excel the most excellent of your own : And how much you amaze the least inclined to wonder of your Sex. But as they will be apt to take your Ladiship for a Roman Name, so would they believe that I endeavoured the Character of a perfect Nymph, Worshipp'd an Image of my own making, and Dedicated this to the Lady of the Brain, not of the Heart of your Ladiships most humble Servant

E. W.

Mr.

*Mr. Wallers Speech in Parliament,
1641. about Innovations in
Doctrine and Discipline, &c.*

WE shall make it appear, the Errors of Divines, who would that a Monarch can be absolute, and that he can do all things *ad libitum*; receding not only from their Text, (though that be wandering too) but from the way their own Profession might teach them. *Stare super vias antiquas*, and remove not the ancient bounds and Landmarks which our Fathers have set.

If to be Absolute, were to be restrained by no Laws, then can no King in *Christendom* be so, for they all stand obliged to the Laws Christian, and we ask no more;

for to this Pillar be our Priviledges fixt, our Kings, at their *Coronation*, having taken a Sacred Oath not to Infringe them. I am sorry these men take no more care, for the informing of our Faith of these things, which they tell us for our Souls Health, whilst we know them so manifestly in the wrong way, in that which concerns the Liberties and Priviledges of the Subjects of *England*.

They gain Preferment, and then it is no matter, though they neither believe themselves, nor are believed by others; but since they are so ready to let loose the Conscience of our Kings, we are the more carefully to proceed for our Protection against this Pulpit-Law, by declaring, and reinforcing, Municipal Laws of this Kingdom.

It is worthy the Observation, how new this Opinion, or rather this way of Rising, is even amongst themselves.

For

For (*Mr. Speaker*) *Mr. Hooker*, who was no Refractory man (as they term it) thinks that the first Government was Arbitrary, until it was found, that to live by one mans Will, becomes all mens Misery ; these are his Words, and that these were the Original of inventing Laws.

And (*Mr. Speaker*) if we look farther back, our Histories will tell us, that the Prelates of this Kingdom, have often been the Mediators between the King and his Subjects, to present and pray redress of their grievances, and had reciprocally then, as much love and reverence from the People.

But these Preachers, more active than their Predecessors, and wiser than the Laws, have found out a better form of Government.

The King must be a more Absolute Monarch than any of his Predecessors, and to them he must owe it, though in

the mean time they hazard the hearts of his People, and involve him into a thousand Difficulties.

For, suppose this form of Government were inconvenient ; (*Mr. Speaker*) this is but a Supposition ; for this five hundred years, it hath not only maintained us in safety, but made us Victorious over other Nations. But suppose this form of Government were inconvenient, and they have another *Idea* of one more convenient, we all know how dangerous Innovations are, though to the better, and what hazards those Princes run, that enterprize the change of a long Established Government.

Now (*Mr. Speaker*) of all our Kings that have gone before, and of all that are to succeed in this Happy Race, why should so Pious, and so Good a King, be exposed to this trouble and hazard ? Besides, that King so diverted, can never do any great matters abroad.

But

But (*Mr. Speaker*) whilst these men have thus bent their Wits against the Law of their Country, have they not neglected their own Profession? What Tares are grown up in the Field which they should have Tilled? I leave it to a second consideration, not but Religion be the first thing in our purposes and desires: But that which is first in Dignity, is not always to preceed in order of time, for well-being supposes a being; and the first impediment which men naturally endeavour to remove, is the want of those things; without which they cannot subsist. God first assigned unto *Adam* maintenance of life, and added to him a title to the rest of the Creatures, before he appointed a Law to observe.

And let me tell you, that if our Adversaries have any such design, as there is nothing more easie, than to impose Religion on a People deprived of their

G 4

Liberties,

x this is from Hooker's Eccles. Polity

Liberties, so there is nothing more hard, than to do the same upon Freemen.

And therefore (Mr. *Speaker*) I conclude with this motion, that there may be an Order presently made, that the first thing this House goes about, shall be the restoring of this Nation in general, to the Fundamental and Vital Liberties, the Prosperity of our Goods, and Freedom of our Persons; and then we will forthwith consider of the supply desired.

And thus shall we discharge the Trust reposed in us, by those that sent us hither: And His Majesty shall see, that we will make more than ordinary haste to satisfy *His Demands*; and we shall let all those know that seek to hasten the matter of Supply, that they will so far delay it, as they give no interruption to the former.

Mr.

*Mr. Waller's Speech in Parliament,
at a Conference of both Houses
in the Painted Chamber, July 6.*

1641.

MY LORDS,

I Am commanded by the House of Commons, to present you with these Articles against Mr. Justice *Crawley*, which when your Lordships shall have been pleased to hear read, I shall take leave (according to custom) to say something of what I have collected from the sense of that House, concerning the Crimes therein contained.

Here the Charge was read, containing his extrajudicial Opinions subscribed, and judgment given for Ship-money; and afterward, a Declaration in his charge at an Assize, That Ship-money was so Inherent a Right in the Crown, that it would not be in the power of a Parliament to take it away.

MY

MY LORDS, Not only my Wants, but my Affections render me less fit for this Employment ; for though it has not been my happiness to have the Law a part of my breeding, there is no Man honours that Profession more, or has a greater reverence towards the Grave Judges, the Oracles thereof. Out of Parliament, all our Courts of Justice are governed or directed by them ; and when a Parliament is call'd, if your Lordships were not assisted by them, and the House of Commons by other Gentlemen of that Robe, experience tells us, it might run a hazard of being stiled *Parliamentum indoctorum*. But as all Professions are obnoxious to the malice of the Professors, and by them most easily betrayed, so (my Lords) these Articles have told you how these Brothers of the Coyf are become *fratres in malo* ; how these Sons of the Law have torn out the Bowels of their Mother. But this Judge (whose charge you last heard) in one expression of his, excels no less his Fellows, than they have done the worst of their Predecessors, in this Conspiracy against the Commonwealth. Of the Judgment for Ship-money, and those extrajudicial Opinions preceding the same (wherein they are jointly concern'd) you have already heard, how unjust and pernicious a proceeding that was in so publick a Cause, has been sufficiently express'd to your Lordships ; but this man, adding despair to our misery, tells us from the Bench, that Ship-money was

was a Right so inherent in the Crown, that it would not be in the power of an Act of Parliament to take it away. Herein (my Lords) he did not only give as deep a wound to the Commonwealth as any of the rest, but dipt his Dart in such a Poyson, that so far as in him lay, it might never receive a Cure. As by those abortive Opinions, subscribing to the Subversion of our Propriety, before he heard what could be said for it, he prevented his own, so by this Declaration of his, he endeavours to prevent the Judgment of your Lordships too, and to confine the power of a Parliament, the only place where this mischief might be redress'd: Sure he is more Wise and Learned, than to believe himself in this Opinion, or not to know how ridiculous it would appear to a Parliament, and how dangerous to himself; and therefore, no doubt but by saying no Parliament could abolish this Judgment, his meaning was, that this Judgment had abolish'd Parliaments.

This Imposition of Ship-money springing from a pretended Necessity, was it not enough that it was now grown Annual, but he must entail it upon the State for ever, at once making Necessity inherent to the Crown, and Slavery to the Subject: Necessity, which dissolving all Law, is so much more prejudicial to His Majesty than to any of us, by how much the Law has invested his Royal State with a greater power, and ampler fortune; for so
undoubt,

undoubted a truth it has ever been, that Kings as well as Subjects, are involv'd in the confusion which Necessity produces, that the Heathen thought their Gods also obliged by the same, *Pareamus necessitati quam nec homines nec dii superant* : This Judge then having in his charge, at the Assize, declar'd the dissolution of the Law, by this suppos'd Necessity, with what Conscience could he at the same Assize, proceed to condemn and punish men, unless perhaps he meant the Law was still in force for our Destruction, and not for our Preservation, that it should have power to kill, but none to protect us; a thing no less horrid, than if the Sun should burn without lighting us, or the Earth serve only to bury, and not to feed and nourish us. But (my Lords) to demonstrate that this was a supposititious impos'd necessity, and such as they could remove when they pleas'd; at the last Convention in Parliament, a price was set upon it, *for twelve Subsidies you shall reverse this Sentence* : It may be said that so much money would have removed the present Necessity, but here was a Rate set upon future Necessity; *for twelve Subsidies you shall never suffer necessity again, you shall for ever abolish that Judgment*. Here this Mystery is revealed, this Vizor of Necessity is pull'd off, and now it appears, that this Parliament of Judges had very frankly and bountifully, presented His Majesty with twelve Subsidies, to be levied on your Lordships, and the Commons.

Certainly,

Certainly, there is no Priviledge which more properly belongs to a Parliament, than to open the Purse of the Subject, and yet these Judges, who are neither capable of sitting among us in the House of Commons, nor with your Lordships, otherwise than your Assistants, have not only assum'd to themselves this priviledge of Parliament, but presum'd at once to make a present to the Crown, of all that either your Lordships, or the Commons of *England* do, or shall hereafter possess.

And because this man has had the boldness to put the power of Parliament in ballance with the opinion of the Judges, I shall intreat your Lordships to observe by way of comparison, the solemn and safe proceeding of the one, with the precipitate dispatch of the other. In Parliament (as your Lordships know well) no new Law can pass, or old be abrogated, till it has been thrice read with your Lordships, thrice in the Commous House, and then it receives the Royal Assent ; so that 'tis like Gold seven times purified : Whereas, these Judges by this one resolution of theirs, would perswade His Majesty, that by naming *Necessity*, he might at once dissolve (at least suspend) the great Charter ; 2 times confirm'd by his Royal Progenitors, the Petition of Right, and all other Laws provided for the maintenance of the Right and Propriety of the Subject ; a strange force (my Lords) in the sound of this word *Necessity*, that like a Charm it should silence the
Laws,

Laws, while we are dispoyl'd of all we have, for that but a part of our goods was taken is owing to the grace and goodnels of the King, for so much as concerns these Judges, we have no more left than they perhaps may deserve to have, when your Lordships shall have pass'd Judgment upon them: This for the neglect of their Oaths, and betraying that publick trust, which for the conservation of our Laws was repos'd in them.

Now for the cruelty and unmercifulness of this judgment, you may please to remember that in the old Law they were forbid to seeth a Kid in his Mothers milk; of which the received interpretation is, that we should not use that to the destruction of any creature, which was intended for its preservation: Now (my Lords) God and Nature has given us the Sea as our best Guard against our Enemies, and our Ships as our greatest glory above other Nations, and how barbarously would these Men have let in the Sea upon us, at once to wash away our Liberties, and to overwhelm, if not our Land, all the propriety we have therein, making the supply of our Navy, a pretence for the ruine of our Nation; for observe I beseech you the fruit and consequence of this judgment, how this Money has prospered, how contrary an effect it has had to the end, for which they pretended to take it: On every County a Ship is annually impos'd, and who would not expect, but our Seas by this time should be covered with

with the number of our Ships? Alas (my Lords) the daily complaints of the decay of our Navy tell us how ill Ship-Money has maintained the Sovereignty of the Sea; and by the many Petitions which we receive from the Wives of those miserable Captives at *Algier*, (being between four or five thousand of our County-Men) it does too evidently appear that to make us Slaves at home, is not the way to keep us from being made Slaves abroad; so far has this judgment been from relieving the present, or preventing the future necessity, that as it changed our real Propriety into the shadow of a Propriety, so of a feigned it has made a Real necessity.

A little before the approach of the *Gaules* to *Rome*, while the *Romans* had yet no apprehension of that danger, there was heard a voice in the Air, lower, then ordinary, *The Gaules are come*, which voice after they had Sack'd the City, and Besieged the Capitol, was held so ominous, that *Livie* relates it as a Prodigy; This Anticipation of necessity seems to have been no less ominous to us: These Judges like ill boding Birds have call'd necessity upon the State in a time when I dare say they thought themselves in greatest security; but if it seem Superstitious to take this as an Omen, sure I am, we may look on it as a cause of the unfeigned necessity we now suffer, for what regret and discontent had this judgment bred among us? And as when the Noise and Tumult in a private House grows so loud as
to

to be heard into the Streets, it calls in the next dwellers either kindly to appease, or to make their own use of domestick strife ; so in all likelihood our known discontents at home have been a concurrent cause to Invite our Neighbours to visit us, so much to the expence and trouble of both these Kingdoms.

And here, My Lords, I cannot but take notice of the most sad effect of this oppression, the ill influence it has had upon the Antient Reputation and Valour of of the *English Nation*: And no wonder, for if it be true that oppression makes a Wise Man Mad, it may well suspend the Courage of the Valiant: The same happened to the *Romans*, when for renown in Arms they most excell'd the rest of the World ; the story is but short, 'twas in the time of the *Decemviri* (and I think the chief troubles of our State may make up that number,) The *Decemviri*, My Lords, had subverted the Laws, Suspended the Courts of Justice, and (which was the greatest grievance both to the Nobility and People) had for some years omitted to assemble the Senate, which was their Parliament: This, says the Historian, did not only deject the *Romans*, and make them despair of their Liberty, but caused them to be less valued by their Neighbours: The *Sabines* take the advantage and invade them; and now the *Decemviri* are forc'd to call the long desired Senate whereof the People were so glad, that *Hostibus belloque gratiam habuerunt*: This Assembly breaks up in discon-

discontent, nevertheless the War proceeds; Forces are raised, led by some of the *Decemviri*, and with the *Sabines* they meet in the Field: I know your Lordships expect the event: My Authors words of his Country Men are these, *Ne. quid ductu aut auspicio Decemvirorum prospere gereretur, vinci se patiebantur*, They chose rather to suffer a present diminution of their Honour, than by victory to confirm the Tyranny of their new Masters: At their return from this unfortunate expedition, after some distempers and expostulations of the people, another Senate, that is, a second Parliament, is call'd, and there the *Decemviri* are questioned, deprived of their authority, imprisoned, banish'd, and some lose their lives; and soon after this vindication of their Liberties, the *Romans* by their better success, made it appear to the World, that Liberty and Courage dwell always in the same breast, and are never to be divorced. No doubt, my Lords, but your Justice shall have the like effect upon this dispirited people; 'tis not the restitution of our ancient Laws alone, but the restauration of our ancient Courage which is expected from your Lordships: I need not say any thing to move your just indignation, that this Man should so Cheaply give away that which your Noble Ancestors with so much Courage and industry had so long maintain'd: You have often been told how careful they were, though with the hazard of their Lives and Fortunes, to derive those Rights and Liberties

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berties as entire to posterity as they received them from their Fathers; what they did with labour you may do with ease, what they did with danger you may do securely: the foundation of our Laws is not shaken with the Engine of War, they are only blasted with the breath of these men, and by your breath they may be restored.

What Judgments your Predecessors have given, and what punishments their Predecessors have suffered for offences of this nature, your Lordships have already been so well informed, that I shall not trouble you with a repetition of those precedents: Only (my Lords) something I shall take leave to observe of the person with whose charge I have presented you, that you may the less doubt of the wilfulness of his offence.

His education in the Inns of Court, his constant practice as a Councillour, and his experience as a Judge (considered with the mischief he has done) makes it appear that this Progress of his through the Law, has been like that of a diligent Spie through a Country, into which he meant to conduct an enemy.

To let you see he did not offend for company, there is one crime so peculiar to himself, and of such malignity, that it makes him at once incapable of your Lordships favour, and his own subsistence incompatible with the right and propriety of the Subject: for if you leave him in a capacity of interpreting

interpreting the Laws, has he not already declared his opinion, That your votes and resolutions against Ship-money are void, and that it is not in the power of a Parliament to abolish that Judgment? To him my Lords, that has thus play'd with the power of Parliament, wee may well apply what was once said to the Goat browsing on the Vine.

*Rode, caper, vitem, tamen hinc cum stabis ad aras
In Tua quod fundi cornua possit, erit:*

He has cropt and infring'd the priviledges of a banish'd Parliament, but now it is returned, he may find it has power enough to make a Sacrifice of him, to the better establishment of our Laws; and in truth what other satisfaction can he make his injur'd Country, than to confirm by his example those Rights and Liberties which he had ruin'd by his opinion?

For the proofs, my Lords, they are so manifest, that they will give you little trouble in the disquisition; his crimes are already upon Record, the Delinquent and the Witness is the same; having from several seats of Judicature proclaim'd himself an Enemy to our Laws and Nation, *Ex ore suo judicabitur.* To which purpose I am commanded

by the Knights, and Citizens, and Burgesſes of the Houſe of Commons, to deſire your Lordſhips that as ſpeedy a proceeding may be had againſt Mr. Juſtice Crawley, as the courſe of Parliament will permit.

X *D. Clarendon in his Hiſt. of the Rebellion. V. 3. p 259. Edit. 1732. 8^{vo} ſays —*

W. Waller was brought, at his own ſuit, to the Ho. of Commons Bar; where he prevailed, not to be tried by a Council of War; and thereby preſerved his dear-bought life: So that in

truth he does as much owe the keeping of his head to that Oration, as Catiline did the loſs of his to thoſe of Tully. And, by having done very ill, he, by degrees, drew that Reſpect to his Parts, which always carries ſome Compaſſion to the Perſon; that he got leave to compound for his Tranſgreſſion, & them to accept of Mr. £10000, for his liberty: Whereupon he had leave to recollect himſelf in another Country (for his liberty was to be in baniſhment) how miſerable he had made himſelf, in obtaining that leave to live out of his own.

*Mr. Waller's Speech in the House of
Commons, on Tuesday, July 4.*

1643.

see opposite page . X

Being brought to the Bar, and having leave given him by the Speaker, to say what he could for himself, before they proceeded to expel him the House.

Mr. Speaker,

I Acknowledge it a great mercy of God, and a great favour from you, that I am once more suffered to behold this Honourable Assembly. I mean not to make use of it to say any thing in my own defence by justification or denial of what I have done, I have already confessed enough to make me appear, worthy not only to be put out of this House, but out of the World too. All my humble request to you is, that if I seem to you as

unworthy to live, as I do to my self, I may have the honour to receive my death from your own hands, and not be exposed to a Tryal by the Council of War: what ever you shall think me worthy to suffer in a Parliamentary way, is not like to find stop any where else.

This (Sir) I hope you will be pleased for your own sakes to grant me ; who am already so miserable, that nothing can be added to my calamity, but to be made the occasion of creating a president to your own disadvantage ; besides the right I may have to this, consider I beseech you, that the eyes of the World are upon you ; you Govern in chief, and if you should expose your own Members to the punishment of others, it will be thought that you either want power, or leisure to chastize them your selves: Nor let any man despise the ill consequence of such a president as this would be, because he seeth not presently the inconveniences which may insue: You have many Armies on foot, and it is uncertain how long you may have occasion to use them. Souldiers and Commanders (though I know well they of the Parliaments Army, excel no less in Modesty than they do in Courage) are generally of a nature ready to pretend to the utmost power of this kind, which they conceive to be due to them, and may be too apt upon any occasion of discontent to make use of such a president as this. In this very Parliament you
have

have not been without some taste of the experience hereof ; it is now somewhat more than two years since you had an Army in the North, paid and directed by your selves, and yet you may be pleased to remember there was a considerable number of Officers in that Army, which joyned in a Petition or Remonstrance to this House, taking notice of what some of the Members had said here, as they supposed to their disadvantage, and did little less than require them of you ; 'tis true, there had been some tampering with them ; but what has happened at one time, may wisely thought possible to fall out again at another.

Sir, I presume but to point you out the danger ; if it be not just, I know you will not do me the wrong to expose me to this tryal ; if it be just, your Army may another time require the same Justice of you, in their own behalf, against some other Member, whom perhaps you would be less willing to part with. Necessity has of late forced you into untrdden Paths ; and in such a Case as this where you have no President of your own, you may not do amiss to look abroad upon other States and Senates, which exercise the supream Power, as you now do here.

I dare confidently say you shall find none either Antient or Modern, which ever exposed any of their own order to be Tryed for his Life by the
Officers

Officers of their Armies abroad, for what he did, while he resided among them in the Senate.

Among the *Romans* the practice was so contrary, that some Inferiour Officers in the Army far from the City, having been Sentenced by their General, or Commander in chief, as deserving Death by their Discipline of War, have nevertheless (because they were Senators) Appealed thither, and the Cause has received a new hearing in the Senate. Not to use more Words to perswade you to take heed that you Wound not your selves thorough my sides, in violating the Priviledges belonging to your own Persons; I shall humbly desire you to consider likewise the Nature of my offence, (not but that I should be much ashamed to say any thing in diminution thereof: God knows 'tis Horrid enough, for the Evil it might have occasioned) but if you look near it, it may perhaps appear to be rather a Civil than a Martial Crime, and so to have Title to a Trial at the Common Law of the Land; there may justly be some difference put between me and others in this business.

I have had nothing to do with the other Army, or any intention to begin the offer of violence to any body. It was only a Civil pretence to that which I then Foolishly conceived to be the right of the Subject. I humbly refer it to your considerations, and to your Consciences. I know you will

will take care not to shed the Blood of War in Peace, that Blood by the Law of War, which hath a right to be Tryed by the Law of Peace.

For so much as concerns my self and my part in this business, (if I were worthy to have any thing spoken, or patiently heard in my behalf) this might truly be said, that I made not this business but found it, it was in other mens hands long before it was brought to me, and when it came, I extended it not, but restrained it. For the Propositions of letting in part of the Kings Army, or offering violence to the Members oi this House, I ever disallowed and utterly rejected them.

What it was that moved me to entertain discourse of this business so far as I did, I will tell you ingenuously, and that rather as a warning for others, than that it make any thing for my self ; it was only an impatience of the inconveniences of the present War, looking on things with a carnal eye, and not minding that which chiefly (if not only) ought to have been considered, the inestimable value of the Cause you have in hand, the Cause of God and of Religion, and the necessities you are forced upon for the maintenance of the same ; as a just punishment for this neglect, it pleased God to desert and suffer me with a fatal blindness, to be led on, and ingaged in such Councils as were wholly disproportioned to the rest of my life ; this (Sir) my own Conscience tells me was the cause
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of my failing, and not malice, or any ill habit of mind, or disposition toward the Common-wealth, or to the Parliament: For from whence should I have it? If you look on my Birth, you will not find it in my Blood: I am of a Stock which hath Born you better Fruit: If you look on my Education, it hath been almost from my Child-hood in this House, and among the best sort of Men; and for the whole Practice of my Life till this time, if another were to speak for me, he might reasonably say, that neither my Actions out of Parliament, nor in my Expressions in it, have favoured of Dis-affection or Malice to the Liberties of the People, or Priviledges of Parliament.

Thus Sir, I have set before your Eyes, both my Person and my Case, wherein I shall make no such Defence by denying, or Extenuating any thing, I have done, as ordinary Delinquents do, my Address to you, and all my Plea shall only be such as Children use to their Parents, I have offended; I confess it, I never did any thing like it before; it is a passage unsuitable to the whole Course of my Life beside, and for the time to come, as God that can bring Light out of Darkness, hath made this business in the event useful to you, so also hath he to me: You have by it made an happy discovery of your Enemies, and of my self, and the Evil Principles I walk'd by

so that if you look either on what I have been heretofore, or what I now am, and by Gods grace assisting me, shall always continue to be, you may perhaps think me fit to be an Example of your Compassion and Clemency.

Sir, I shall no sooner leave you, but my Life will depend on your Breath, and not that alone, but the subsistence of some that are more Innocent. I might therefore shew you my Children, whom the rigour of your Justice would make compleat Orphans, being already Motherless. I might shew you a Family, wherein there are some unworthy to have their share in that mark of Infamy which now threatens us: But something there is, which if I could shew you, would move you more than all this, it is my Heart, which abhors what I have done, more, and is more severe to it self, than the severest Judge can be. A Heart (*Mr. Speaker*) so awakned by this Affliction, and so intirely devoted to the Cause you maintain, that I earnestly desire of God to incline to you, so to dispose of me, whether for Life or for Death, as may most conduce to the Advancement thereof.

Sir, not to trouble you any longer, if I Dye, I shall Dye Praying for you; if I Live, I shall Live serving you, and render you back the use and Imployment of all those Days you shall add to my Life.

After

After this, having withdrawn himself, he was called in again, and (being by the Speaker required thereto) gave them an exact account how he came first to the knowledge of this business, as also what Lords were acquainted therewith, or had ingaged themselves therein.


FINIS.



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*The Epitaph on Mr. WALLER's Monument
in Beconsfield Church-yard in Bucking-
hamshire : written by Mr. Rymer, late
Historiographer-Royal.*

On the WEST-END.

EDMUNDI WALLER HIC JACET ID
QUANTUM MORTI CESSIT, QUI INTER
POETAS SUI TEMPORIS FACILE
PRINCEPS, LAUREAM, QUAM MERUIT
ADOLESCENS, OCTOGENARIUS HAUD
ABDICAVIT. HUIC DEBET PATRIA
LINGUA QUOD CREDAS, SI GRÆCE
LATINEQUE INTERMITTERENT, MUSÆ
LOQUI AMARENT ANGLICE.

On the SOUTH-SIDE.

HEUS, VIATOR! TUMULATUM VIDES
EDMUNDUM WALLER QUI TANTI
NOMINIS POETA, ET IDEM AVITIS
OPIBUS, INTER PRIMOS SPECTABILIS,
MUSIS SE DEDIT, ET PATRIÆ,
NONDUM OCTODECENALIS, INTER
ARDUA REGNI TRACTANTES SEDEM
HABUIT, A' BURGO DE AGMONDESHAM
MISSUS. HIC VITÆ CURSUS, NEC
ONERI DEFUIT SENEX, VIXITQUE
SEMPER POPULO CHARUS. PRINCIPIBUS
IN DELICIIS, ADMIRATIONI OMNIBUS.





HIC CONDITUR TUMULO SUB EODEM
RARA VIRTUTE ET MULTA PROLE
NOBILIS Uxor, MARIA EX BRESSYORUM
FAMILIA, CUM EDMUNDO WALLER,
CONJUGE CHARISSIMO: QUEM TER ET
DECIES LÆTUM FECIT PATREM. V FI-
LIIS, FILIABUS VIII; QUOS MUNDO
DEDIT, ET IN COELUM REDIIIT.

On the EAST-EN D.

EDMUNDUS WALLER CUI HOC MARMOR
SACRUM EST, COLESHILL NASCENDI
LOCUM HABUIT; CANTABRIGIAM
STUDENDI; PATREM ROBERTUM ET
EX HAMPDENA STIRPE MATREM;
COEPIT VIVERE III^o MARTII, A. D. MDCV.
PRIMA UXOR ANNA EDWARDI BANKS
FILIA UNICA HÆRES, EX PRIMA BIS
PATER FACTUS; EX SECUNDA
TREDECIES; CUI ET DUO LUSTRA
SUPERSTES, OBIIT XXI OCTOB.
A. D. MDC LXXXVII.

On the NORTH-SIDE.

HOC MARMORE EDMUNDO WALLER
MARIAEQUE EX SECUNDIS NUPTIIS
CONJUGI, PIENTISSIMIS PARENTIBUS,
PIISSIME PARENTAVIT EDMUNDUS
FILIUS. HONORES BENE-MERENTIBUS
EXTREMOS DEDIT QUOS IPSE FUGIT.
E L.W.I.F. H.G. EX TESTAMENTO
H. M. P. IN JUL MDCC.



